DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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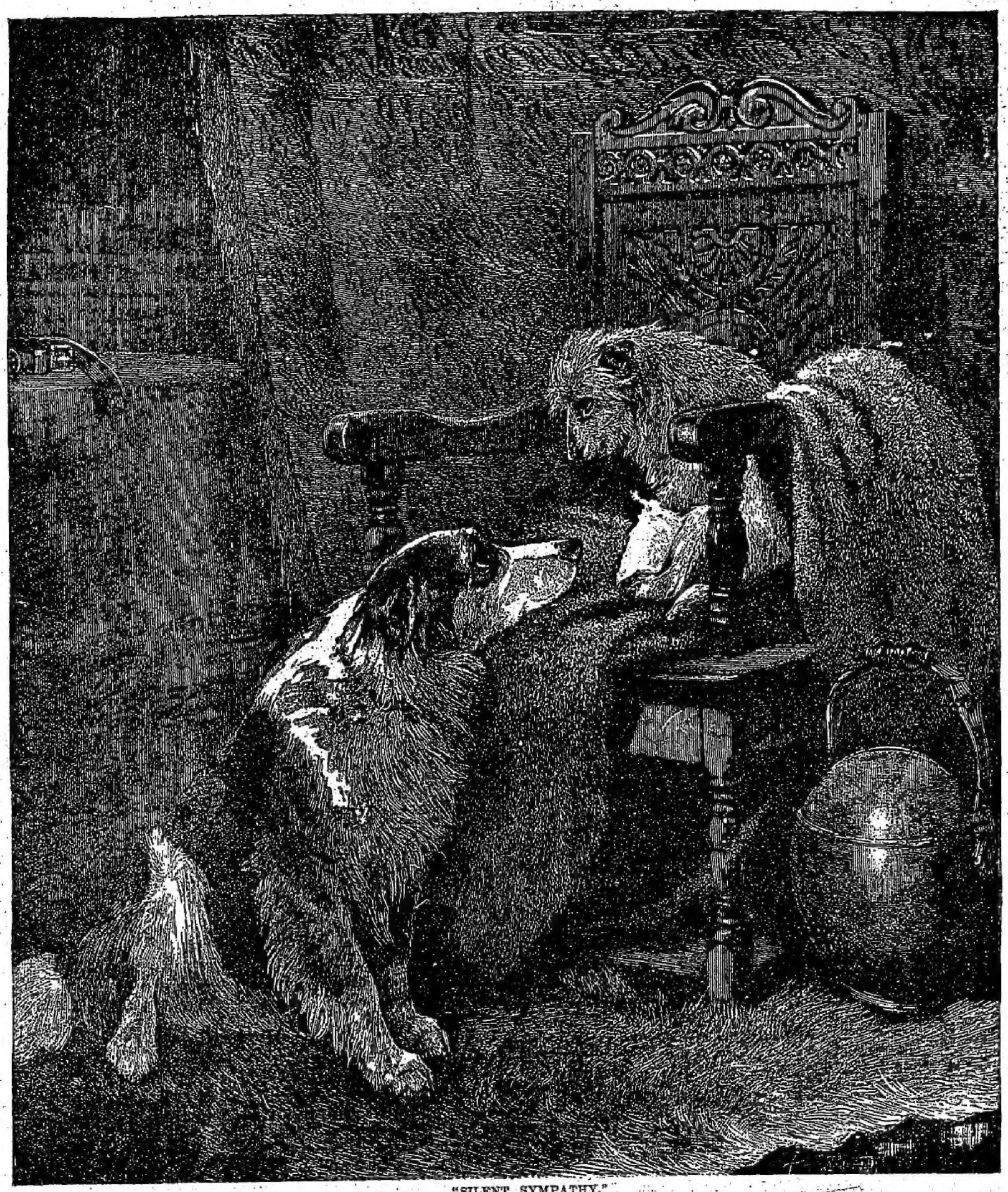


"SILENT SYMPATHY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ARTHUR BATT, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

GALTON
Gift M Power 1889

THE LACE-DEALER OF HESSE.

The lace-dealer, Jacob Hausen, from Hesse, was much blessed by God in his business. Once, however, as he was returning home from one of his trading journeys, having sold all his goods and carrying a large sum of money with him, his bundle and all his money were stolen from him. Sorrowfully he entered Amsterdam; he did not like to go to his old lodging, to the house of the rich merchant who was his chief creditor, because most of the lace for his last journey had been purchased from his warehouse.

He thought he would wait quietly for a few days. If the merchant of his own accord offered him goods without being asked, he felt it would be God's will that he should continue his business as formerly; if not, he would apply for the situation of attendant to the sick on board a Dutch vessel, and thus earn an honest livelihood in the good service of alleviating his neighbors' sufferings.

A few days after he met the merchant, who asked him why he had not come as formerly to select new goods. Jacob told him of his poverty, how he had lost his hardly-earned money, so that he was not in a position to pay his debts, much less to buy new goods.

"If that is all," said the merchant, "I can trust to your honesty; you may cheer up and come and choose your goods as you used to do, and take as many as you like."

Jacob now made his selection. Other merchants too, who had heard of the misfortune of the honest man, made him similar offers, and almost pressed upon him their best and choicest goods.

By a friend's advice he next went to the fair at Cassel. On the journey the thought fell as a heavy burden on his heart: "Formerly I have always put higher prices on my goods than I meant to take; I have waited for people to bargain, but many have not bargained, and have paid the price I demanded at first. Was this right to ask too high a price, and take the money? A Christian should neither lie nor deceive; this was doing both. O God, in Thy holy presence I promise it shall not so happen again; give me strength faithfully to keep to my good resolutions."

On coming to Cassel, lodging and boarding were very dear, but the demand for such goods as he brought he heard was very great. He hired a stall. On the first day many people came to inspect his goods, asked the prices, and then wished to bargain. But when he told them that what he asked was the lowest price for which he could sell his lace, no one would have anything to do with such a strange sort of man; they turned their backs on him, and that day he did not sell a single yard.

At his inn in the evening, he could not eat for sorrow. "This," thought he, "is the world's recompense for Christian fidelity and Christian honesty—mockery and want—even starvation. It was not so before, when you acted in the old way; God does not wish us to starve, but to eat and live as his other creatures; perhaps I am wrong after all."

"Wrong?" said a better voice within him; "no, that way can't be wrong which accords with God's word and command. Take courage, my heart. God before whose countenance you desire to walk—God, who put the intention to do right into your heart, can and will help you." The poor lace-dealer slept peacefully and awoke with good courage. But on the two following days matters were just as bad.

In the evening, when the other dealers, who lodged at the inn, were joyful by eating and drinking, and reckoning up the money they had earned, poor Hausen had not made a penny; he ate his dry crust in solitude with many a sigh.

Still there was hope in a purchaser—a lady who generally did not bargain, and who would appreciate Jacob's beautiful goods and their cheapness. As yet, she had not come to the fair. At last, on the fourth day, the landgravine really appeared, and among all the lace stalls she came first to Jacob's. His heart beat with joy and expectation when the landgravine chose out many different pieces of lace and put them on one side. She asked the price of the whole, and then wanted to reduce it.

Jacob explained sorrowfully that he had already asked the lowest price, and could not take off a penny. The landgravine, to whom this conduct was quite new, went away in silence without taking a single piece. At this moment, when his distress was the greatest, God's power, and grace was the strongest in his soul.

"Well," thought he, "I give myself up entirely to Thy will, Thou faithful God. I know of no help for it now, it is all over with my trade. Care for me in Thy own good way." Then his heart was calm and cheerful as it had not been in the preceding days. He knew that God would provide for him and help him.

The landgravine meanwhile had been round to the other lace-vendors. The goods which she found there were much worse, the prices shamefully high as compared with those of Jacob. She remarked this to her ladies, and determined to return to the first stall. Here, then, she bought more than she had at first intended, and openly praised before all her ladies the conduct of this honest ma

All the ladies of the court and of the town then wished to buy of Jacob. That evening he had not a yard left. All was sold. "If," he said, "in the first three evenings of the fair I could not eat for sorrow and anxiety, now I could not for joy. My soul was full of praise and thanksgiving to God."—*Friendly Greetings.*

MISSION BAND RECIPES.

BY RACHEL LOWRIE.

I suppose all Mission Band leaders get a great deal of help from the missionary catechisms; or, "Questions and Answers for Mission Circles and Bands." How many of you know that there is a "Game of Missions," published by a Band in Ithaca, New York? It is rather advanced for the average child, requiring an amount of general information which might stagger the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions himself; yet do not be alarmed when I say that only among members of the Board of Foreign Missions could this game be played in a way to reflect credit on the cause.

Lest this should seem trifling, let us pass to something which means solid work. Knowing the charm that young people find in getting up a newspaper of their own, some leaders have started such a paper in their bands. The work of editing even a little manuscript paper is such drudgery that it would be best to have two committees, preparing the paper for alternate months. Of course, the labor of this, as of most other projects, will fall largely on the leaders; but the committee must be taught to take responsibility, and the band at large must co-operate. Envelopes addressed to the editor can be given out, and each member made responsible for at least one item. There will be various departments, such as News from the Mission Field of the Month, Political News from the Mission Field of the Month, Church News, Band News, Announcements, etc. Extracts can be read at your meeting, and the papers can be circulated during the month till all have read them and hailed with delight their own items. The bound copy of the papers at the end of the year will make a valuable addition to your library.

Are you too poor to own a library? Then try the scrap-book plan. Buy a scrap-book each month (it will cost you something the first year), and appoint a boy or girl to take charge of it. Then set every member on the *qui vive* to collect pictures and newspaper clippings relating to the country of the month. In February, let China be uppermost in your minds, and there is no fear but that you will be able to collect some items of interest for your book. Paste into the scrap-book a missionary map of the country by way of frontispiece; and if you paint, color it, and paint the flag of China above it. Keep the book from becoming either a collection of prosy clippings and aimless pictures, or a journal of the miscellaneous doings of the Band. If you hold an entertainment, put in a ticket or a programme as a memento, but see that the object of the book is to collect information. As the scrap-book on China comes around every twelve months for attention, it will grow in value; and there is no reason why future generations of children should not dote on it as a book of reference.

You see that the ideal scrap-book library would be the Encyclopædia Britannica of this department. In our China scrap-book is pasted a comic little doll, holding a profuse pig-tail under his arm. He has proved a blessing to the treasury, and his history is written under him. Once, in hunting through a case of curiosities, I came across a genuine Chinese paper-doll. I borrowed it, thinking it might come into use at the *Cha tsiet* (Chinese tea-feast) which was to be given by a neighboring band. The paper-doll, real pig-tail and all, was easily copied; and our band has had so many orders for them that the Chinese mantua-maker is as hardly used as an American dressmaker.—*Sunday-School Times.*

BAD BOOKS.

Never, under any circumstance, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered, when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments and contaminates the best feeling and emotions. Reading trashy, second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first rate books than ever you can master; and in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends; books affect character.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 11.

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.—1 Sam 12: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience to God the way to success.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 12: 1-15.
T. 1 Sam. 12: 16-25
W. Josh. 24: 1-16.
Th. Josh. 24: 16-28.
F. Deut. 10: 12-22.
Sa. 1 Kings 18: 20-40.
Su. Heb. 3: 1-19.

INTRODUCTION.

Saul had been chosen king, but not a few of the people refused to own his authority. But Saul's great victory over the Ammonites under King Nahash (11: 1-11) established his position. On their return from the pursuit of the Ammonites down the Jordan, the army crossed the fords of the Jordan where their fathers had first crossed into Canaan, and came to Gilgal. Here was held a great assembly, and Saul was owned by all to be their king. The era of the Judges, nearly 400 years long, was now ended. The kingdom had begun.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *And Samuel said:* he here publicly laid down his authority, just as Washington, in a farewell address to his army, gave back his authority as commander-in-chief. *My sons:* see 8: 1-3. 3. *Any bribe to blind my eyes:* a gift for the sake of buying the favor of a judge, to persuade him not to see crime in the giver. 6. *It is the Lord:* connect with v. 5, "He is witness, even the Lord," etc. 7. *Stand still:* listen. 9. *Sisera:* the general of the Canaanites under King Jabin, at Hazor, near Lake Merom (Judg. 4: 1-3). *Philistines:* these oppressed Israel many times (Judg. 3: 31; 10: 7; 13: 1; 1 Sam. 13: 19-22). *Moab:* under Eglon (Judg. 3: 12-30). 10. *Baalim:* see Lesson III. 11. *Jerubbaal:* Gideon (Judg. vi-viii.) *Bedan:* not named in the history, but probably *Barak:* (Judg. 4: 6, etc.) *Jephthah:* Judg. 11. *Samuel:* 1 Sam. 7: 12-15. *Nahash:* see 1 Sam. 11: 1-11. 14. *Then:* read it and. The conclusion is not stated, but was very clear.

SUBJECT: THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.

QUESTIONS.

I. A SUCCESSFUL LIFE (vs. 1-5).—Where did the people assemble on their return from the victory over the Ammonites? (11: 14, 15.) For what purpose? How long had Samuel been before the people? (v. 2.) What kind of a life had he lived? Who witnessed to his words?

What can you tell about the life and history of Samuel? Name his good qualities. What do you find in him worthy of imitation? What lessons can you learn from his life? What influence does such a life have upon the community?

II. THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS TAUGHT BY HISTORY (vs. 6-11).—What parts of their past history did Samuel recall to their minds? Tell the story of Sisera. (Judg. 4: 1-24.) Of the Philistines. (Judg. 3: 12-30.) Why were the people allowed to suffer so much oppression? What did God do for them when they repented? What judges were raised up for their help? Does God love to punish those who disobey him? (Ezek. 18: 30-32.) Why does he do it?

III. THE TWO WAYS (vs. 12-15).—Would the change in government make any difference as to the way of success? What five things must the people do if they would prosper? (v. 14.) What truth like this had Moses taught them? (Deut. 28: 1). What had Joshua taught? (Josh. 24: 14-24.) Is this as true of our own time and nation? Is it as true of us individually? What is a successful life? What becomes of those who disobey God? What can we do to help our nation to prosperity and success? In which of the two ways here described are we walking?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Lessons from the life of Samuel: (1) patriotism; (2) unselfishness; (3) a noble character and useful life makes success; (4) the best life is one wholly given to God from childhood.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 18.

SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23.

COMMIT VERSES 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.—1 Sam. 15: 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God proves and tests us whether we will obey him or no.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 13: 1-23.
T. 1 Sam. 14: 1-23.
W. 1 Sam. 14: 24-52.
Th. 1 Sam. 15: 1-23.
F. 1 Sam. 15: 24-35.
Sa. Ps. 51: 1-19.
Su. Ps. 1: 1-6.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Saul had been sent to destroy the Amalekites, a wild heathen nation south of Palestine, who were injuring God's people. Nothing could make them good. Therefore they were destroyed. 11. *It repenteth me.* That is, God changed his actions toward Saul, because Saul had changed. God was not sorry for what he had done, but he acted as a man would who repented. 12. *Carmel:* not the mountain, but a town seven miles south of Hebron. *Set him up a place:* "a hand," a monument. 15. *And Saul said, They have,* etc.: Saul laid the blame on the people. It seemed a pity to destroy so much wealth. *To sacrifice:* one motive, but they had the sacrifices to eat. Doubtless they wanted the cattle. 22. *Hath the Lord as great delight,* etc.; no gifts or sacrifices could take the place of obedience. The object of the sacrifices was to help the people to obey. *Fat of Rams:* the richest part of the sacrifices. 23. *As the sin of witchcraft:* seeking to find out the future by means of bad spirits. It was a rejection of Jehovah. *Idolatry:* teraphim, household idols. *He hath rejected thee from being king.* He continued king in form for a time, but he became less and less a real king. The kingdom did not remain in his family. Saul developed many bad traits, and died by suicide.

SUBJECT: TRIALS AND TESTS IN OBEDIENCE.

QUESTIONS.

I. SAUL'S FIRST TRIAL AND FAILURE (13: 2-15).—What great army was arrayed against the Israelites? (vs. 4, 5.) Where were they, and where was Saul and his army? (Note: Michmash was about three miles north of Gibeah.) How had they treated Israel? (13: 19-22.) How did the Israelites feel? How long was Saul commanded to wait for Samuel? (vs. 8, 13.) What did he then do? What was his punishment for disobedience?

II. SAUL'S SECOND TRIAL AND FAILURE (15: 1-9, 15, 20, 21).—What tribe was Saul commanded to destroy? Why? (Deut. 25: 17-19; Rom. 1: 28-32). How large an army did Saul assemble? What was his success in the battle? How far did he obey God? In what did he disobey? What great temptation would there be to spare the best of the cattle? Why did God command him to destroy them? (Ans. Probably because God did not want his people to be a warlike people, attacking their neighbors; and the acquisition of wealth from the plunder would tempt them to go on such plundering expeditions.) What are some of the great enemies we are commanded to utterly destroy (as intemperance, etc.)? What course in reference to these would be like Saul's?

III. SAUL'S EXCUSES (vs. 10-21).—How did Samuel learn of Saul's disobedience? (v. 11.) How did he feel about it? What did he do? Is this the true course for us? Where did Samuel find Saul? How did Saul greet him? Was he unconscious of his sin? How was his disobedience revealed? (v. 14.) On whom did Saul lay the blame? Was this mean? Who had acted in the same way before? (Gen. 3: 12.) What reason did Saul give for his disobedience? (v. 15.) Was this the real reason or only an excuse? Is there any good excuse for disobeying God? How are we tested as to whether we will obey? Is this the meaning of much of our lives? (Deut. 8: 2.) Are we being educated by being tested and proved?

IV. THE FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE (vs. 22, 23).—What did Samuel say about disobedience? Can any forms or sacrifices take the place of obedience? Why not? To what did Samuel compare disobedience? What was the penalty inflicted on Saul? (vs. 23-28.) Was it just? Was he fitted to be the king of God's people? Did Saul after this grow worse and worse? Did he repent? (vs. 24-30.) Was it too late?

V. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What kingdom has God prepared for us? (Luke 6: 20.) Will it be forfeited by disobedience? (Matt. 21: 43; 1 Cor. 6: 9-10.) What parable teaches us about vain excuses? (Luke 14: 16-24.) An example of repentance coming too late. (Heb. 12: 16-17.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God has prepared a kingdom for us.
II. He proves and tests us whether we are fitted to use and enjoy it.
III. The great question of life is whether we will obey God or not.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam 3: 1-11.
2. July 14.—The Sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
3. July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27
6. **Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15.**
7. **Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15 10-23.**
8. Aug. 25.—The Anointing of David.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE EVOLUTION OF MRS. THOMAS.

BY MRS. MARY H. FIELD.

(Continued.)

Mary brought home the Green's History, as she promised, but ere many days elapsed she and her father had a whispered consultation, and a copy was ordered from San Francisco, which in due time arrived and was formally presented to our Chautauquan. Mrs. Thomas had thought when she was young that she did not like history. Its cruelties and barbarisms shocked her gentle heart. It seemed to her that it was simply a record of man's fierce greed and selfishness, with scarcely a gleam of noble feeling to redeem it.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne."

So she had almost utterly neglected it in her limited school days, and since then she had really never opened an historical book. It had not been an alluring prospect to her, therefore, to see a history as the very first book she was to read in her new course; still she was glad that the Pacific Coast Chautauquans were behind their Eastern class-mates, and so were doing the reading which had been done at the East a year previous. This year the eastern class were reading Roman history, and Mrs. Thomas was sure that would be far more trying than English history. It did not seem as if the English were such wholesale butchers on principle. So our heroine fell resolutely to work. She did not see at first just where she was to find the required forty minutes for her daily reading. It seemed as if she never had a spare moment, and a leisure hour was just a figure of speech to the busy house-mother; but the time must be found, if not in one entire period then in odd minutes. There was usually a little time for sitting down in the afternoon, after the dinner work was cleared away, which had been wholly given to sewing. Out of this Mrs. Thomas tried to get her Chautauqua hour, but often there would be interruptions, or some stress of work, so that the reading was put off till evening. Often there would be too much sociability in the evening to admit of much concentrated attention, but she persevered. The long-unused mental faculties were a little rusty, of course, and names and dates were more easily forgotten than learned; but she did not give up. Ere long she began to reap her reward. She had not read fifty pages in Green's History before she became so interested she could scarcely lay her book down. No romance could have charmed her so much. She found herself looking at history in an entirely new light; no longer was it the story of one tyrant succeeding another by virtue of wielding a strong battle-ax or using baser perfidy, but, instead, the record of the slow but steady uplifting of a great people. Mrs. Thomas found herself thinking of it as she went about her daily round of housework. Much of her cooking and clearing away she had done so often that it was almost a mechanical process, and now she found great advantage in the perfect familiarity with her duties. She cooked and washed dishes and swept and dusted in California, but her heart was far off in "Merrie England," with her ancestors of one thousand years ago. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh and it followed very naturally that at the table or by the evening fire-side she would open a conversation with the novel preface, "I have been reading," and then tell the children of the way in which the English people grew through fierce struggles, lighted by heroic deeds and lives. Even Albert and Mary had not read much English history, and they soon grew to depend on these intelligent bits of talk. The end of it was that the mother read with redoubled interest for the sake of telling it to her children, and thereby fastened the story in her own mind. The whole family grew interested. When the mother took up her book in the evening, if there was not the greatest need of other study, she was besieged to read aloud, and then, when she had read awhile, Albert or Mary would take a turn at reading, and the father listened to it with as keen zest as if he, too, were a Chautauquan.

Did the mending-basket heap up and overflow upon the shelves and into drawers? Not to any distressing degree. The daughters of the house nobly redeemed their promise. When Mrs. Thomas read aloud in the evening they plied their needles, if not with their mother's speed and dexterity, at least with very passable results, and every Saturday morning saw two extremely energetic young ladies take hold of sweeping, cleaning, baking and cooking of all sorts. They had always been good girls to help, but now they felt pledged to see their mother through with her undertaking. She often looked at them through happy, grateful tears as they merrily drove her out of the kitchen and declared it was her school-time and she must not be tardy. Mary had a great knack also in the management of that most untractable being—the small boy. In the Thomas household each boy had an ostensible amount of "chores" to do, but it by no means followed that he did them day by day of his own free will and choice. On the contrary, it was a notorious fact that it took far more energy on the part of some older member of the family to look after these boys and get the work out of them than to do it one's self. Mr. Thomas was not particularly successful as an overseer, and Mrs. Thomas had a way of doing altogether too many of these "chores" herself; but Mary was blessed with a sort of cheerful and contagious energy, which, when backed by the mother's and father's authority, was quite successful. She put it to good use now, and every morning she devoted a few moments to "cheering her band," like Marco Bozzaris. Wood-boxes were filled, steps were cleaned, the yard put in order, balls and tops, stilts and traps, cages and machines all picked up. "You know mother has got to have a little time for her readings, boys, and we must help her or she'll never get it in this world!" urged Captain Molly.

Thus a sweet spirit of helpfulness spread in the household, blessing both giver and receiver with a heavenly benediction.

By the time our heroine had finished Green's History the "Chautauqua idea" had taken root in the minds of all the Thomas household. From the reticent and undemonstrative head of the family down to the obstreperous little Dick, all held their mother's new departure in tacit or outspoken approval. Mr. Thomas was a man of sterling worth if he was a little oblivious to things present. No one thought more highly than he of education. He was as ambitious for his children as every other true Yankee, but he had come from his Green Mountain home to California at an early day, and after ten years of unsuccessful mining experience had settled down to his business of accountant, content to let other men do the speculating and roving about. He was quite a bachelor when he first met Mary Rivers, and she was a good many years his junior, but they were speedily married, and he had always been of one opinion regarding her—that she was the best and "smartest" of women. Very naturally he had grown to think book-knowledge of not much consequence to a woman. Could any amount of such learning make his wife any better mother or housekeeper? Impossible. Yet when he saw her now quietly bending her energies to self-culture, with a fixed determination to bring herself to a higher intellectual level, he secretly resolved to help her all in his power. It was not his way to put his thoughts into words, but the whole family recognized his attitude and his good wife was infinitely encouraged by it.

They were all quite enthusiastic over each new Chautauqua book. Even little Dick enjoyed Old Greek Life. A very few words of explanation enabled him to get an understanding of old customs and ideas which made his conversation for a few days seem quite classical to his small boy friends. One of his teachers overheard him discoursing about the Olympian games, out on the school playground, and remarked afterward to Albert: "That is a bright little brother of yours. He shows that he comes from an intelligent home," and Albert felt not a little pleased and complimented. Indeed, the whole family almost unconsciously began to feel that they were an exceptionally literary and intellectual household, so much did the home reading help on school work. Some fact in history, a great epoch or revolution, would be read about and talked over at the table or fire-side, and within a day or two an allusion to the same subject would appear in a reading or geography lesson at school, and a teacher's question would follow, which would bring a prompt response from some member of the Thomas family. They all had a fair record at school before, but now their reputation began to grow rapidly. Albert had graduated at the high school and was now taking a year's course at a commercial college, while Mary was almost ready for the Normal; so both of them had essays to write requiring considerable general information, and it was both delightful and rewardful to their mother to have them begin to call upon her for help. With a happy heart she carried her Chautauqua text-books into the kitchen and stole many a glance into them as she watched her oven or had a moment's respite from housework. When she sat down to her afternoon's sewing there was always one of these same little text-books in her work-basket, and by dint of conning them over and over she became quite an authority in dates and names, not only in English, but in Greek history and literature. Nor was she satisfied with mere outlines; it was her nature to be thorough, and her mental appetite "grew by what it fed on."

REST FOR WOMEN.

It is said that one-half hour of rest during the twelve working hours would be sufficient to replenish our depleted forces, if that rest could be absolute; but to try to rest with the mind aggravated by the nagging worries of life would be useless. The necessity for rest is particularly urgent upon women. Could they not, if they were only brought to recognize the necessity, try what that half-hour of absolute rest would do for them? Such rest is best obtained in a recumbent posture, and free from the pressure of bands or heavy clothing. It would be advisable to dress as for the night, and lie down, dismissing all thoughts that might come as a disturbing influence. Sleep if you can, or dream sweet day dreams, if you can not. Build airy castles in Spain, and people them as delightfully as you choose, if your thoughts must be busy about something; but let mind and body have the absolute rest that nature demands, and you will be repaid a thousand-fold for so doing.

Begin your day with a bath of salt and water. It is invigorating and restful, and need consume but little of your time. No matter how much you may think you need those few moments for other duties; remember this is a duty you owe to yourself, and that much depends on your keeping yourself in a condition to do your work to the very best advantage. Do not forget that you are mortal, and subject to certain limitations, which you can not transgress without certain punishment. Remember that you owe it to your family to keep yourself well. There is no virtue in making a martyr of yourself unnecessarily; and no woman can keep herself in proper trim to meet her duties unless she takes plenty of rest.—*Housekeeper.*

RECIPES.

VELVET PUDDING.—Take three cups sweet milk, bring to a boil, sweeten and thicken with cornstarch. Remove from stove and add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, with a cup of desiccated cocoanut. Beat the whites stiff and place on top. Brown slightly in a hot oven.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—Take one cup sour cream, a small teaspoon soda, a pinch of salt, and flour to roll soft. Bake quickly, split and spread with butter, and two inches of nice apple sauce. Eat with sweetened cream.

BERRY PUDDING.—Take one cup sugar, two spoons butter, two eggs, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon baking powder and two cups flour. Mix smooth and then quickly stir in three cups of any kind of berries. Pour into a round deep dish, and steam one hour. Eat with sauce or cream.

TO TAKE GREASE FROM FLOORS.—Grease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood ashes and quick-lime, to be kept on several days and then wash off. Stains on wall paper can be cut out with a sharp penknife, and a piece of paper so nicely inserted that none can see the patch.

TO CLEAN COPPER KETTLES AND BOILERS.—Take a flannel cloth, dip it in a little lukewarm buttermilk in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved; rub a little spot on the kettle; then proceed to scour that spot with very fine ashes; after doing the whole thoroughly, wash all over in clear warm water; then rub it over again with fresh buttermilk and salt, after which wash again and wipe dry.

QUICK DESSERT.—If there is any dry cake on hand a dessert may be quickly prepared by placing slices in deep saucers, covering with dabs of jelly. Make a sauce of one pint water, one cup sugar, a spoonful of butter, juice and rind of one lemon, or a spoonful of vinegar. Thicken with cornstarch and pour over the cake while boiling hot. Serve hot.

A BAR HARBOR BREAKFAST DISH.—Take half a pound of salt pork, cut in small pieces, fry them till brown; take them out, and in the fat thus obtained put a pound of haddock or of fresh cod-fish, half a dozen potatoes cut in thin slices, some crackers or pieces of hard bread broken in small bits, half a teacup of sweet milk, a lump of butter the size of a small egg, and pepper and salt to taste; thicken with a little flour rubbed smooth with the butter. When the potatoes are done, serve.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Fill a cake tin half full of apple sauce and cover with one cup sugar and some dots of butter; one-half cup raisins may be added if desired, and vanilla flavoring. Cover with a batter made of one cup sweet cream, one egg, one teaspoon baking powder and flour to stir thick. Steam one hour. The same recipe may be used, and the pudding baked one-half hour. Any fruit can be used in place of apples.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—The following recipe for dried apple cake, says a writer in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, sent by a valued contributor to this column was accompanied by a sample of the cake. Put up in most approved confectioner's style and resembling wedding fruit-cake the first impression was that it was some generous wedding announcement. "Taste and try," was the sender's injunction, in a postscript to the recipe, and all who wish to follow directions are assured that the cake was delicious, pleasing to the eye, and while more healthful, resembles a much richer cake than the ingredients would lead one to expect:

One and one-half pints of dried apples, one and one-half pints of molasses, half pound of butter, half pound raisins after they are stoned, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, two teaspoonful ginger, two teaspoonful soda, two eggs, four cups flour. Soak the apples over night in water enough to cover them. In the morning pour off any water that may remain on them; chop and stir them into the molasses. Let boil twenty minutes in it with the spices. When cold add the other ingredients. Dissolve the soda in a little hot water. We think this very nice.

PUZZLES—NO. 15.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I'm in worship and in word,
I'm in soldier and in sword,
I'm in rider and in rill,
I'm in doorstep and in sill,
I'm in hearken and in hide,
I'm in virtue and in pride,
I'm in pillar and in post,
I'm in gaoler and in ghost,
I'm in orphan and in son,
I'm in hardy and in done.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

INVESTIGATION PUZZLE.

Select one verse from each of the following New Testament books, containing the word "Faith." Matthew, Mark, Acts, Romans, Ephesians, James. Try this without a concordance.

CORDES.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where is it said, I will make a man more precious than fine gold?
2. Where is it said that there shall be a great crashing from the hills?
3. What prophet saw four horns and four carpenters?
4. Where is it said that the sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds?
5. Where does it say, Run, speak to this young man?

ENIGMA.

In hot but not in cold,
In wrap but not in fold,
In pet but not in love,
In pigeon not in dove,
In you but never found in thee
My whole is what we all should be.

HILDA WAINWRIGHT.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in firmament and earth,
I'm in honor and in worth,
I'm in worship and in won,
I'm in summer and in sun,
I'm in linger and in go,
I'm in joyfulness and woe,
I'm in darkness and in day,
I'm in sorrow and dismay,
I'm in meadow and in glen,
I'm in peacock and in wren,
I'm in slumber and in rest,
I'm in stupor and in zest,
I'm in many and in some,
I'm in wander and in come.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 14.

REBUS.—A staff—Staffa.

SQUARE.—

W A T E R
A L I V E
T I R E S
E V E N T
R E S T S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Seer. 2. Abilene. 3. Regem. 4. Disciple. 5. Iscariot. 6. Sarah. Initials, Sardis; Terminals, Remoth.

ENIGMA No. 1.—"Be thou perfect." Gen. 17:1.

ENIGMA No. 2.—Intemperance.

SEND PUZZLES.

This is holiday time and some of the puzzlers are not quite so busy as they have been while at school. We are always glad to receive original puzzles, and as many readers of this department have composed very clever ones, which have been appreciated by other puzzlers, another call is made for original puzzles.

THE PRIZE.

Name of prize-winner and of all competitors in Answer Competition Puzzles No. 13, will appear in a future number.

The Family Circle.

"WELL DONE!"

"Well done, good and faithful servant," (Matt. xxv. 23).

"Well done!" How will the Master's greeting cheer them,
The faithful ones, who "knew and did his will"!
Who, when he sent them, swiftly ran his errands,
And when he stayed them "waited" and were "still"?

Some sent he forth to sow the seed "with weeping"—
Maybe their tears were needful for that soil;
But, doubtless, in the day of harvest-gladness
"Rejoicing" shall be theirs instead of toil.

Some came with sunny smiles and fleeting footsteps—
Their field of labor, too, seemed bright and fair,
But whether "hundredfold" or only "thirty"
That field will yield, the harvest shall declare.

Once more he calls the unemployed to labor:
The harvest is so great, the "hands" so few—
Oh, brother, sister, heed his call, I pray you!
Maybe the Master now "hath need" of you.

Your gold and silver, and your time, your talents
What glory are they bringing to his name?
Remember they are his, and when he cometh
"His own with usury" He then will claim!

He gave you gold that you might "feed the hungry"
And "clothe the naked," take the stranger in,
Find for the "sick" a quiet, kindly shelter,
Reclaim the fallen from a life of sin.
And are you doing this, or are you slighting
The calls for help that reach you day by day?
Oh, stewards of his wealth, be wise and earnest,
Lest he should take your stewardship away.

It will be sweet as evening twilight gathers,
And working hours are past for evermore,
To hear the Master's "Well done, faithful servant!"
When safe at last we reach yon blessed shore.

—*R. A. Beck.*

LADDIE.

"He don't look such a baddish sort of young man," she said, when the door closed behind the observant Hyder; "and he seems to mind what you says pretty sharp. I thought as he was a gent hisself when he opened the door, as he hadn't got red breeches or gaiters or nothing, but I suppose you will put him into livery by and by?"

"Now, mother, you must have some tea. And you are not to talk till you have eaten something. Here! I'll pour out the tea." For the glories of the silver tea-pot were drawing her attention from its reviving contents. "I hope they have made it good. Ah! I remember well what tea you used to make in that little brown tea-pot at home." It was very easy and pleasant to be kind to her, and make much of her now, when no one else was there. He enjoyed waiting on her and seeing her brighten up and revive under the combined influence of food, and warmth, and kindness. He liked to hear her admire and wonder at everything, and he laughed naturally and boyishly at her odd little, innocent remarks. If they two could have been always alone together, with no spying eyes and spiteful tongues, it would have been all right and pleasant, but as it was, it was quite impossible, and out of the question.

"It ain't the teapot, Laddie, as does it. It's just to let it stand till it's drawed thorough and no longer. Put it on the hob for ten minutes, say I, but that's enough. I don't like stewed tea, and moreover it ain't wholesome neither. This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. Why the parson ain't got one to hold a candle to it. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folk to have a look at it. It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant!—to see me a-setting here like a lady, with this here carpet as soft as anything, and them curtains, and pictures, and all! I wonder whatever they would say if they could see! I suppose now, as there's a washus or a place out behind somewheres for them servants?"

Dr. Carter laughed at the idea of Mrs. Treasure the cook, and the two smart housemaids, let alone Mr. Hyder, being consigned to a washhouse at the back, and he explained the basement arrangements.

"Underground. Well! I never did! But I think I've heard tell of underground kitchens before, but I never would believe it. It must be terrible dark for the poor things, and damp moreover, and how poor, silly gals is always worriting to get places in London, passes me!"

Presently, when they had done tea, and gone back into the consulting-room, when the old woman was seated in the arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, and her gown turned up over her knees, Dr. Carter drew his chair up near hers, and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm (he was proud of his hands—it was one of his weaknesses that they were gentleman's hands, white and well shaped, and there was a plain gold strap-ring on the little finger, which hit exactly the right medium between severity and display, as a gentleman's ring should), "Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, with the veins standing up like cord on the backs, rough and misshapen with years of hard work, but with a world of tender mother's love in every touch, that made his words stick in his throat and nearly choke him.

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

"Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was thinking just before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas."

And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there, talking quickly and wrapping up his meaning in so many words and elaborations that at the end of half an hour the old woman had no more idea of what he meant than she had at the beginning, and was fairly mystified. She had a strange way, too, of upsetting all his skilful arguments with a simple word or two.

"Different from Sunnybrook? Yes, sure; but she'd get used to it like other folks. Not happy? Why she'd be happy anywheres with her Laddie. There, don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them—her life and his? It needed much plainer speaking, a spade must be called a spade, and, somehow, it looked a very much more ugly spade when it was so called. How soon did she catch his meaning? He hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes. He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly, as if he had tried to draw it away from her, and she grew silent, while he talked on quickly and nervously, telling her they would go together to-morrow and find a little snug cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and a little maid to do the work, so that she need never lay her hand to anything; and how he would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week. Still never a word for or against, of pleasure or of pain, till he said,

"You would like it, mother, wouldn't you?"

And then she answered slowly and faintly,

"I'm aweary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans; and maybe, dearie, too old."

"You must go to bed," he said, with a burst of overwhelming compunction. "I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

And so he took her upstairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs; but her curiosity overcame her fatigue sufficiently to make her peep into the double drawing-room where the gas-lamp in the street threw weird lights and shadows on the ceiling and touched unexpectedly on parts of mirrors or gilded cornices, giving a mysterious effect to the groups of furniture and the chandelier hanging in its holland covering.

"'Tis mighty fine!" she said, "but an unked place to my mind; like a churchyard somat."

Her bedroom did not look "unked," however, with a bright fire burning, and the inviting chintz-curtained bed and the crisp muslin-covered toilet-table, with two candles lighted. In the large looking-glass on the toilet-table the figure of the little old woman was reflected among the elegant comforts of the room, looking all the more small and shabby, and old, and out of place in contrast with her surroundings.

"Now make haste to bed, there's a good old mother; my room is next to this if you want anything, and I shall soon come up to bed. I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good night."

And then he left her with a kiss, and she stood for some minutes quite still, looking at the scene reflected in the glass before her, peering curiously and attentively at it.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother," she said softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder!"

As Dr. Carter sat down again in his consulting-room by himself, he told himself that he had done wisely, though he had felt and inflicted pain, and still felt very sore and ruffled. But it was wisest, and practically kindest and best for her in the end, more surely for her happiness and comfort; so there was no need to regret it, or for that tiresome little feeling in one corner of his heart that seemed almost like remorse. This is no story-book world of chivalry, romance, and poetry, and to get on in it you must just lay aside sentimental fancies and act by the light of reason and common sense. And then he settled down to arrange the details of to-morrow's plans, and jotted down on a piece of paper a few memoranda of suitable places, times of trains, &c., and resolved that he would spare no pains or expense in making her thoroughly comfortable. He even wrote a note or two to put off some appointments, and felt quite gratified with the idea that he was sacrificing something on his mother's account. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed, and he went up feeling much more composed and satisfied with himself, having pretty successfully argued and reasoned down his troublesome, morbid misgivings. He listened at his mother's door; but all was quiet, and he made haste into bed himself, feeling he had gone through a good deal that day.

He was just turning over to sleep when his door opened softly and his mother came in—such a queer, funny, old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large nightcap on—one of the old-fashioned sort, with very broad, flapping frills. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed. He jumped up as she came in.

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed? Are you ill?"

"There, there! lie down; there ain't nothing wrong. But I've been listening for ye this long time. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it."

She made him lie down, and smoothed his pillow, and brushed his hair off his forehead, and tucked the clothes round him, and kissed him as she spoke,

"And I thought as I'd like to do it for you once more. Good-night, Laddie, good-night."

And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call. "Mother! oh mother!" after her, for the carefully tucked-in clothes were flung off and Laddie was out of bed, with his hand on the handle of the door, and then—second thoughts being cooler, if not better—"she had better sleep," Dr. Carter said, and got back into bed.

But sleep did not come at his call; he tossed about feverishly and restlessly, with his mind tossing hither and thither as much as his body, the strong wind of his pride and will blowing against the running tide of his love and conscience, and making a rough sea between them, which would not allow of any repose. And which of them was the strongest? After long and fierce debate with himself he came to a conclusion which at all events brought peace along with it. "Come what may," he said, "I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will; even if it costs me Violet herself, as most likely it will. I can't turn my mother out in her old age, so there's an end of it." And there and then he went to sleep.

It must have been soon after this that he woke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door. It was still quite dark, night to Londoners, morning to country people, who were already going to their work and labor, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, saying, "It was my fancy or a dream," while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door, murmuring,

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him!"

(To be Continued.)

GREBOE JUSTICE.

Around Capé Palmas, on the west coast of Africa, lives a tribe of strong, daring natives called the "Greboes." They have a curious way of settling their personal difficulties. When one man strikes another he does not strike back. He simply turns on his heels, and starts towards the town—hallooing at the top of his voice. He may be twice as big as the man who struck him, and able to whip two of him; but no matter, away he goes at full speed and full voice.

When he reaches the town, he kills the first eatable animal that comes within reach, be it bullock, sheep, or goat; then starts for another, marking his track with dead animals, fowls, etc., until satisfied. The townsmen start in the wake of the offended citizen, gathering all the victims of his wrath and carrying them to the "palava," or court-house, where they prepare a feast and have a royal good time.

This done, all the parties who have suffered loss in this fracas come forward and put in their claims, and compel the man who struck the first blow to pay the entire cost of the whole affair. Should the offender be poor and unable to pay, the law requires his next of kin to foot the bill; should they not be able, then the next nearest kin, and so on until the full damages are paid, or the entire circle of the offender's relations is made bankrupt. Thus they compel a man's relatives to keep an eye over his behavior and to share the responsibility of his wrong doings.

The Missionary World says: "You may well imagine that personal encounters are not very frequent, under such circumstances. How do you think it would do to introduce this bit of heathen law into this enlightened land?

TAKING VS. ASKING.

I asked a respectable farmer one day, whether he had salvation in Christ.

"No, indeed, sir, I have not, but my wife and I are both very anxious for it. There's not a day but we read a chapter in the Bible, and we ask God to give it to us."

"You are quite wrong," I added. "Your business is to take it. God is asking you to be reconciled. What business have you asking God for salvation, or to be reconciled to you, when he says here, he 'was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?' Take him at his word, and rest on the finished work of Christ for sin."

"And do you mean to say, sir, that I have not even to ask for it?"

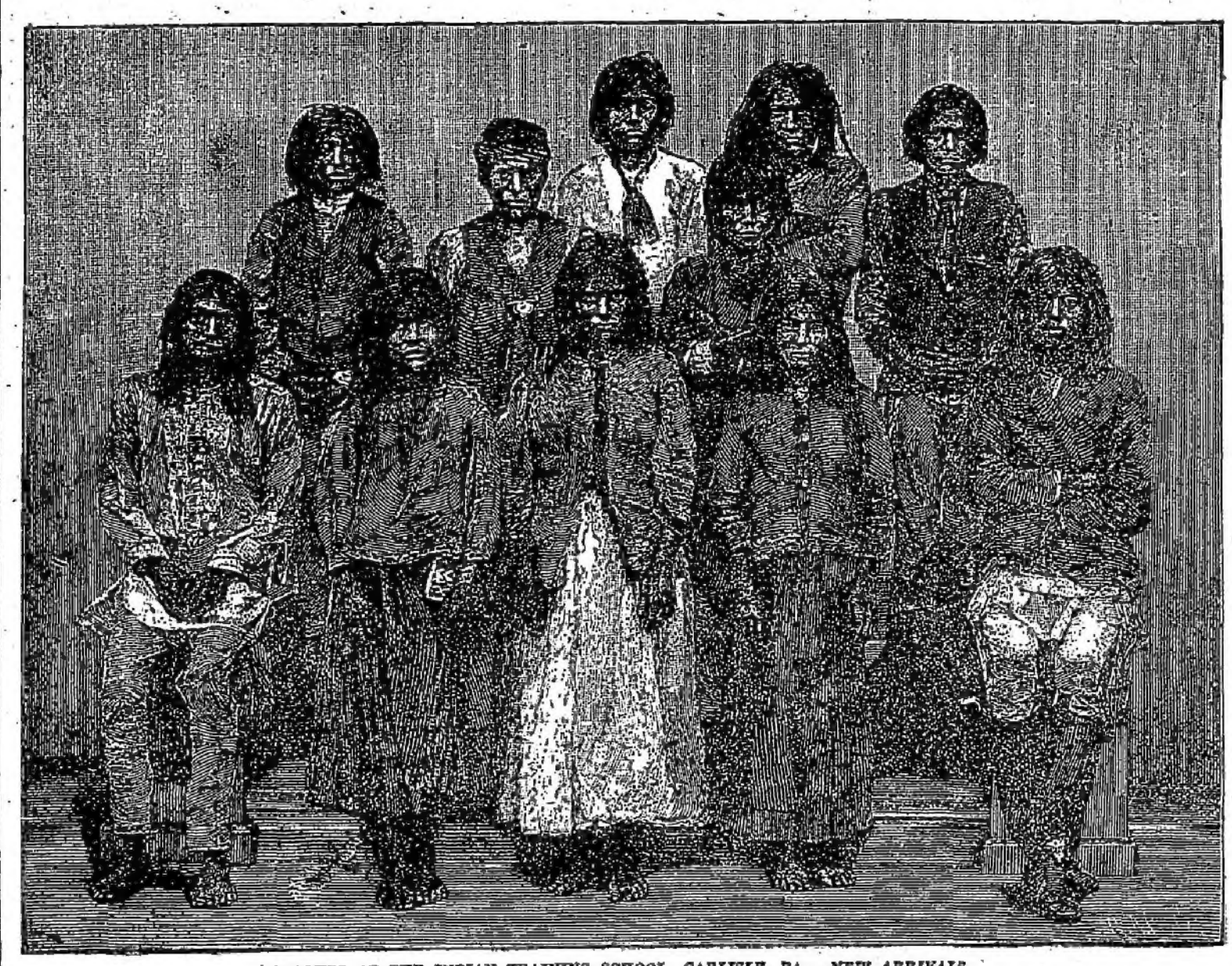
"No, for the work is finished, and God wants you to believe Jesus' blood is an atonement for your sin."

"Well, sir, I never thought of that before, that it was so free I hadn't even to ask for it. I do believe in Jesus, that his death is sufficient for all my sins."

"And Jesus tells you that 'he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'"

"I see it all. I never saw it before."

Some months after, I met him, a happy believer, by taking the gift of God—eternal life. He said his wife had accepted it too, and now they did not ask God for salvation, but they just thanked him for it.—*Selected.*



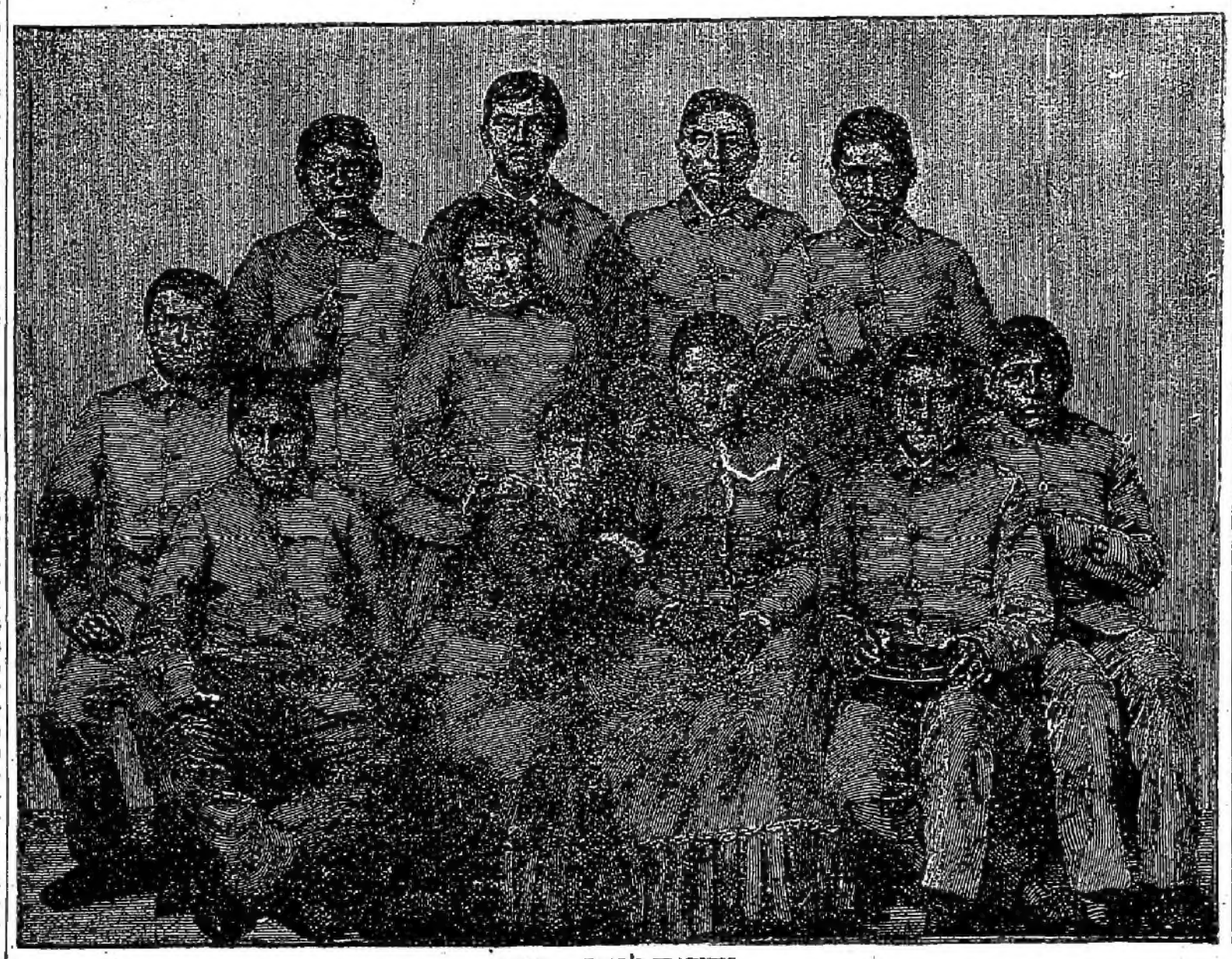
APACHES AT THE INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.—NEW ARRIVALS.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT,"

And see if there is any difficulty in knowing the best solution of the vexed Indian question. In the spring of 1887 the United States Government sent 106 Apache boys and girls to the Carlisle school. Ragged, unkempt, sullen, listless they appeared, and altogether it would be hard to imagine a more unpromising lot than those shown in the photograph from which our first cut is taken. What can be done even in a few months by the stimulus of new ideas, aims, and prospects is shown in the second picture of the same eleven Indians.

A special interest, says a contemporary, attaches to the eight training schools in the United States, and particularly to those in which there is an entire exchange of tribal life for the surroundings of civilization. The three of the East are those at Carlisle, Hampton, and Philadelphia; there are others in Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Montana, and the Indian Territory. The Carlisle school, which is the largest, had, according to the recent report of Captain Pratt, the superintendent, a total enrolment during the year of 637. But 27 of these had been sent back to the reservations, and 21 had died, 16 of the latter being Apaches. It appears that many of the Apaches arrived ill of consumption and kindred diseases. With these reductions there were left at the school 589 pupils; twelve months before, there had been 529. At Carlisle it is the custom to put out at the homes of farmers boys and girls who have been some time at the school. Besides their board they get some wages, and learn farming, the use of tools, and housekeeping, while, if they remain through the winter, they often go to the district school. Most interesting are the letters sent back to the school by those who have these "outings," and extracts from their correspondence are given in the newspaper which is printed and published in the school. During the year, pupils to the number of 336 had longer or shorter outings. At the school, instruction and practice are given in the trades of blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpentering, printing, painting, tailoring, baking, harness-making, and so on, and the girls learn to wash and iron, cook and sew. Frugality is encouraged, and accuracy in keeping expense accounts enjoined. In short the work done at Carlisle is very practical, and rapidly leads the children into what they call "the new ways."

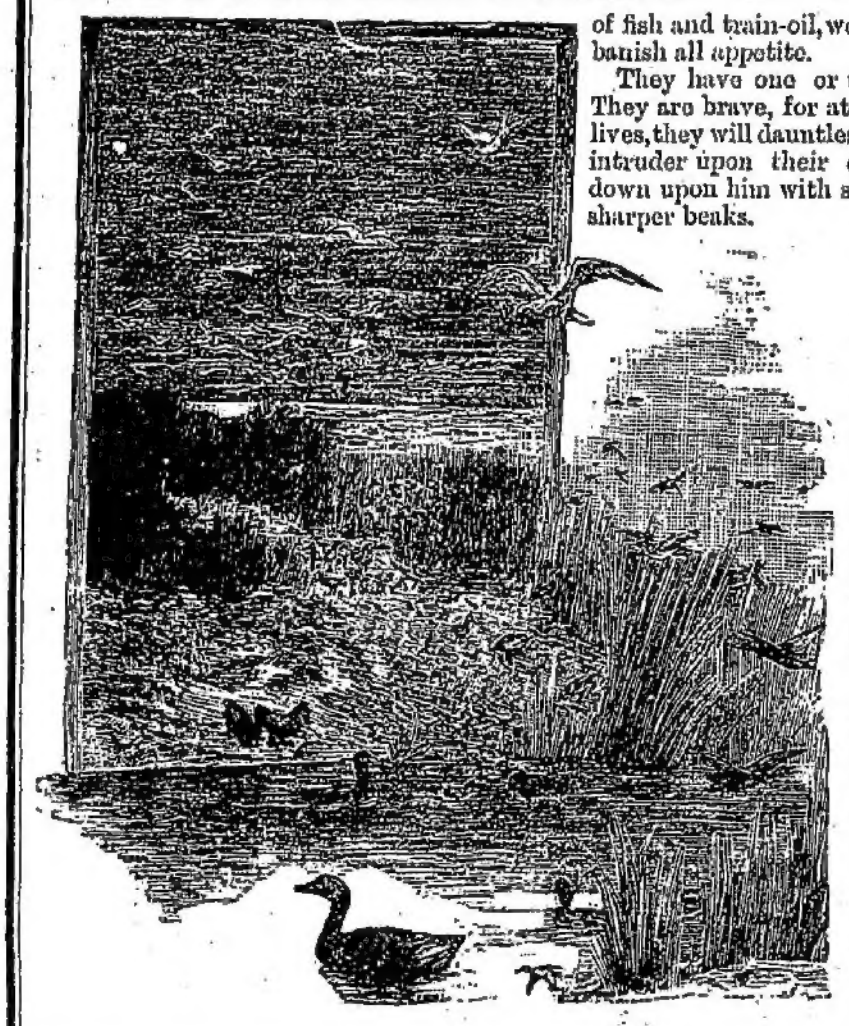
The United States Government's system of Indian education comprised, at the last report of the Indian Office, 227 schools, with a capacity of 13,766, an enrolment of 14,333, and an average attendance of 10,520 pupils, maintained at an annual expense to the Government of $1,166,026, exclusive of the cost and repairs of the buildings and of the transportation of the pupils. Of these schools 68 boarding and 90 day schools were supported entirely by the Government, while 41 boarding and 20 day schools were conducted and supported by private philanthropy, mainly by religious organizations, the Government, however, paying a fair sum for such pupils as it put in them. There were also five industrial training schools of the Government, and three others in which pupils were placed by contract. The new annual figures, will show the usual gain over the present, and in addition, there are Indian schools supported by religious societies without any cost to the Government.



AFTER A YEAR'S TRAINING.

CAN'T STOP.

Some one has spoken the truth, that there are two classes of drinking men: those who could stop, but won't; and those who would stop, but can't. There are those who drink to encourage sociability, and there are others who can say with the drunkard, "I drink to drown hell." The following incident, witnessed by men we could name, took place in a hotel: "One wintry afternoon a man, trembling and unstrung, entered a bar-room carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar he said, 'Landlord, I'm burning; give me a good glass of gin.' The landlord pointed to a line of chalk-marks and said, 'John, you see the old score; not another drop until that is paid.' The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar. 'Landlord, you don't mean that; you have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools; all I have left in the world is this little bundle of clothes; please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin.' 'I don't want your old clothes,' calmly answered the man, 'pay the old score first.' The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said, 'What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a pair of good boots on your feet; will you give me your boots for the ten cents?' The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said, 'Stranger, if I give you the boots I must go out in the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn than to freeze to death. Give me the gin; you may have the boots.' He sat down and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man must have his gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could, and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop and went to sleep in a barn. That night was his last. The wintry morning dawned on him, as it has on so many drunkards, cold and pulseless, sleeping the sleep of death, with his bottle by his side. He had told the truth."—*Exchange.*



BIRDS AND BEASTS ON SABLE ISLAND.

If you will take your atlas and turn to the map of Canada, you may, by looking very carefully, discover a small spot in the Atlantic Ocean almost due east from Nova Scotia, and close beside the sixtieth parallel of longitude. This little lonely spot is Sable Island. There it lies in the midst of the waves, a long, low bank of gray sand without a single tree upon it from end to end; nay, not so much as a bush behind which a baby might play hide-and-seek. It seems, therefore, at first sight to be one of the most unfavorable places in the world for the study of either birds or beasts. Yet, strange as it may seem, this island, which is now but twenty miles long, and at its greatest breadth but a mile and a half wide,—once it was quite double that size,—has a wonderfully interesting history of its own, of which not the least entertaining chapter is that relating to its furry and feathered inhabitants.

Although when first viewed from the sea, Sable Island appears to be nothing better than a barren sand-bank, on closer acquaintance it reveals inside its sloping beaches, vales and meadows that in summer-time seem like bits out of a Western prairie. There are green, grassy knolls, and enchanting dells with placid ponds in their midst, and if you only come at the right time and stay long enough, you may gather pink roses, blue lilies, China asters, wild pea, gay golden-rod, and, what is still better, strawberries, blueberries and cranberries in bountiful profusion.

Our concern at present, however, is not with the fruits and flowers, but with the fur and feathers of this curious place.

Seeing that Sable Island has no trees on the branches of which nests may be built, it follows naturally that its winged inhabitants are altogether of the water-fowl and sea-bird variety. All over the sides and tops of the sand-hills, which rise to the height of thirty, forty, or fifty feet, the gulls, gannets, terns and other aquatic birds scrape together their miserable apologies for nests, and hatch out their ugly little squab chicks, making such a to-do about the business that the whole air is filled with their chattering, clanging and screaming.

They are indeed very disagreeable neighbors, for, besides the horrid din they are ceaselessly making, they are the most untidy, not to say filthy, of housekeepers. After they have occupied their bird barracks, as their nesting-places might appropriately be called, for a few weeks, the odor the wind bears from that direction could never be mistaken for one of those spicy breezes which are reputed to "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

Then they have not the redeeming quality of being fit to eat, for, unless one were on the very edge of starvation, one taste of their flesh, rank with suggestions of fish and train-oil, would be sufficient to banish all appetite.

They have one or two good qualities. They are brave, for at the peril of their lives, they will dauntlessly attack any rash intruder upon their domains, swooping down upon him with sharp cries and still sharper beaks.

Their movements illustrate the poetry of motion, as they come sailing grandly in from the ocean spaces, and circle about their own particular hillock in glorious dips and curves and mountings upward, that fill the human observer with longing and envy.

Much more satisfactory, however, are the blackduck, sheldrake, plover, curlew and snipe which nest, by uncounted thousands, in the dense grass that girts the fresh-water ponds, and afford dainty dishes for the table. It is easy work to make a fine bag on a favorable day, and grand sport may be had by anyone who knows how to handle a double-barrel.

Many are the interesting stories connected with bird-life on Sable Island, but a single one, and that the oddest of them all, must suffice. I give it upon the unimpeachable authority of Dr. J Bernard Gilpin.

About forty years or more ago a lot of rabbits were sent there as an experiment. The idea was, if they prospered, to furnish the human inhabitants of the island with a pleasant variety from the salt junk which generally adorned their tables.

The experiment succeeded admirably. Bunny found the firm, dry sands just the thing for his burrows, while the abundant wild pea and other herbage furnished unstinted food for his prolific brood. But one fateful day in spring,—a dark day in the annals of rabbitdom,—a big snowy owl, that had somehow lost his bearings and been driven out to sea by a western gale, dropped wearily upon the island to rest his tired pinions.

While sitting on a sand-heap, thankful at his escape from a watery grave, he looked about him, and to his amazed delight beheld—of all sights the most welcome in the world to a hungry owl—rabbits! Rabbits young and rabbits old, rabbits plump and rabbits lean, rabbits in sixes and rabbits in sevens were frisking about in the long grass and over the sand, merrily innocent of their peril.

At first Sir Owl could scarcely believe his eyes for it was a bright, sunny day, and owls cannot see very well when the sun is shining; but presently, as he still squatted on the sand, perfectly motionless except his eyelids blinking solemnly, a thoughtless little rabbit, which had grown too much excited over a game of chase with his brother to look where he was going, ran up against the bewildered bird.

This awoke the owl thoroughly. With a quick spring that sent all the other little cotton-tails scampering off to their burrows in wild affright, he fastened his long claws in the back of his unfortunate disturber, and without even stopping to say grace, made a dinner off him on the spot.

That was a red-letter day in the owl's calendar. Thenceforth he revelled in rabbit for breakfast, dinner and supper, and had he been a very greedy owl, might have kept his discovery of a rabbit bonanza all to himself; but he didn't. With a splendid unselfishness, which some bipeds without feathers might advantageously imitate, he had no sooner recruited his strength than off he posted to the mainland to spread the good news.

Four days later he came back, but not alone this time. Bearing him company were his brothers, his sisters, his cousins, his uncles and his aunts in such numbers that ere the summer ended there was not a solitary bunny left upon the island!

Since then the place has been restocked and there having been no return of the owls, the rabbits, despite the fact that great numbers of them are killed for food, have so multiplied as to become a positive nuisance, and the experience of Australia being in view, the advisability of their extermination is seriously considered.

Beside the rabbits there have been, at different times, the following animals upon Sable Island, viz: the black fox, white bear, walrus and seals; wild horses, cattle and swine; rats, cats and dogs. This makes quite a long list. Of course so small and bare an island could never have held them all at once. Nor were they all ever there together.

Now they are all gone except the rabbits, the horses, of which several hundred still scamper wild over the sand dunes, and the seals, which come every year to introduce their shiny little whelps into the world, and to grow fat on the fish hurled continually upon the beach by the tireless breakers.

It is a great many years since the black fox, white bear and walrus were last seen upon the island. Too much money could be made out of them when dead for the fishermen, who know of their presence, to let them live long; and so with powder and shot and steel they were ruthlessly exterminated. The beautiful skins of the black fox, worth one hundred golden crowns each, went principally to France where they were made up into splendid robes for royalty.

Just how the wild horses and cattle found their way to Sable Island is not positively known.

They were first heard of in those early days when ships loaded with cattle, grain, and farming utensils were coming over in little fleets from Europe to help to settle America. In all likelihood some on these vessels got cast away on the island, for it has ever been a dreadful place for wrecks, and in some way the animals managed to scramble safe ashore, and thus the place became populated.

The wild cattle disappeared early in the century, but the horses, or rather ponies, are still there, and very interesting creatures they are.

Winter and summer they are out on the sand in all weathers. Indeed, they scorn to go under cover even in the wildest storms, and although shelters have been built for them they will not deign to enter them. Another curious thing about them is that they are never seen to lie down, and apparently go to sleep standing.

There are now about four hundred of these ponies, divided into troops, each under the charge and control of an old stallion, whose shaggy, unkempt mane and tail sweep the ground as he stands sentinel over his numerous family.

They belong to the Dominion Government, and it has been usual to cull out some forty or fifty of the best of them each year, and send them up to Halifax, where they command good prices.

They are stanch, sturdy little animals, and very serviceable when properly broken. In my boyhood days I rejoiced in the possession of a fine bay that, barring a provoking habit of pitching an unwary rider over his head, was a great source of enjoyment.

The manner of catching the ponies is for a number of mounted men to surround a band and drive it into a corral in which a tame pony has been placed as a decoy. This is often a very exciting experience; the cracking of whips, shouting of men, neighing of ponies, combine with the plunging of the frightened captives and the gallant charges of the enraged stallions to make up a scene not readily forgotten.

Once safely corralled, the best males are picked out and lassoed, and the rest turned loose to breathe the salt air of freedom once more.

As the breed was observed to be degenerating greatly of late years, means have been taken to improve it, and it is probable that ere long Sable Island ponies will be more desirable than ever.

A very amusing thing in connection with animal life on Sable Island is the story of the rats, cats, and dogs.

First of all were the rats, who are reputed to be very clever about deserting sinking ships, and who here found plenty of opportunity to show their cleverness, for wrecks are always happening. They thus became so plentiful that they threatened to eat the human inhabitants out of house and home. Indeed they did make them do without bread for three whole months upon one occasion.

This state of things, of course, could not be tolerated. A large number of cats were accordingly imported, and they soon cleared the premises of the rapacious rodents. But it was not long ere the pussies in their turn grew so numerous, wild, and fierce, as to become a source of serious trouble. A small army of dogs was therefore brought upon the scene, and they made short work of the cats, thus rounding out a very curious cycle.

Did space permit I could tell something about the seals, and their very quaint and attractive ways and manners. But perhaps enough has been already written to convince readers that however lonely, barren and insignificant Sable Island may seem, it has an interesting story of its own which is well worth the telling.—*J. Macdonald Oxley, in Youth's Companion.*

THE VALUE OF SMOKE.

The weight of the great smoke cloud daily hanging over the city of London, England, has been computed by Prof. Roberts at 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide gases for each day of the year, and its value at $10,000,000 per annum.

TO PHILLIS, TEN MONTHS OLD.

Baby Phillis, lady fair,
Fat and small of size,
With the sun's gold in your hair,
And the sea's blue in your eyes;
How I wonder what your will is,
Winsome Phillis!

When you point with tiny hand
At your tiny toe,
How am I to understand
What you mean by doing so?
Prithee tell me what your will is,
Dainty Phillis!

When you, wide-mouthed, on the floor
Like a birdling sit,—
Twenty different notes try o'er
In a pretty talking fit,—
Guess it, can I, what your will is,
Saucy Phillis?

When you suddenly, untaught,
Clap your hands amain,
Is it that some new sweet thought
Flashes through your baby-brain?
Come, unriddle what your will is,
Merry Phillis!

When you gravely fingering scan
Tiniest scatterings,
Studying the atomic plan
Are you, in those specks of things?
Who can fathom what your will is,
Quaintest Phillis?

To the ceiling when you raise
Finger and rapt face,
Dear new-comer, do you gaze
Back towards your heavenly place?
Half I fancy what your will is,
Happy Phillis!

But when you come crawling after
Me with eyes ashine,
And with sudden burst of laughter
Stretch your small, plump arms to mine,—
Ah! I know then what your will is,
Darling Phillis!

—W. Trego Webb,
Spectator.

VICTORIA AND A SCOTCH LASSIE.

Many years ago a certain very great Scotch artist was living in Edinburgh; he painted then, and paints now, pictures so beautiful that all who see them pause before them, and wonder and admire. Queen Victoria is one of his patrons. One day Mr. G—— received a note saying Her Majesty was coming to see him and his paintings. The household was naturally in a flutter of stir and bustle.

A dear little daughter about four years old took no part in the excitement. Her sweet gray eyes grew very solemn; her little rosy lips were sealed very tight, no smile played upon them, her whole deportment seemed changed. A dignified, rather superior sort of expression stole over her when the approaching visit was talked about. Every one noticed it, but no one could make it out.

At last, the day arrived; and the nurse, knowing her special charge would most likely be spoken to said, "Now, Missy mind if Her Majesty condescends to notice you, mind you have good manners and that you answer nicely!"

"Good manners!" said my little lady, tossing her head, and looking like some beautiful avenging child-spirit, "good manners!"

"Dear me! What possesses her?" said the nurse to herself in rather a fright; for she had never known her child to give way to tempers of any kind before.

But she and all the house knew very soon what avenging thought did possess the brave little heart? The afternoon arrived, the clock struck the hour, at which the Queen, as punctual as the clock itself, drove up. Little Janet was standing holding her mother's hand in the studio while a kind-faced, gracious-looking lady was talking eagerly to her father about his beautiful pictures. One painting after another was laid on the easel; and then the lady, looking at the demure, solemn little face at the end of the room, said, "I want to see another picture now. Come here, my child."

Obedience was a great law in this Scotch house, so little Janet obeyed. But her eyes grew very bright.

"Come here and tell me your name."

Then—a deep color spread over the child's face, an angry light shone from her eyes, she clasped her tiny hands behind her back, and these dreadful words flew out, and rang round the room in a quick, frightened, defiant way: "I don't like you! I don't like you at all!"

The father stood dumbfounded. What had the child said? What would she say?

"You don't like me? Why don't you like me?" asked the Queen in an amused voice.

"Because you cut off our Queen Mary's head!" cried Janet, trembling and flushing.

Then the English queen took prisoner in her arms the wee chivalric Scotch child, and kissing her said, "If I had done such a cruel deed, you would have been quite right; but I love your Queen Mary as much as you do."

Janet, reassured by the mother's tone which comes out in all Victoria says, gravely nodded her head, and answered: "Then I will love you too, and I will love you very much."

And from that day whenever Queen Elizabeth's name appeared in the history lessons, Janet paused and said, 'That queen was not my queen. Victoria is Scotch as much as English and would never allow a wicked deed in her reign."—*Wide Awake.*

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

In the farthest south-eastern island of the Philippine group, Nindinao, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighborhood of the highest peak in the island, the volcano Apo, a party of explorers found recently, at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower.

The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw, amid the low-growing bushes, the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage-heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. It was known by the native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg, who called it bo-o.

The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds.

It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travellers photographed it and dried a number of leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a species of rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra and named after the English governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was accordingly named Rafflesia Schadenbergia.—*Leaves of Light.*

HER PLAN.

She kisses me in the morning,
  She kisses me at night,
She says, "God help my darling
  To only do what's right."

And so, you see, in school-time
  I'm good as I can be,
For, don't you know, she's asked him
  To be a-helping me?

So, 'course when I remember
  How many mammas say
That very thing each morning,
  I know that every day

He must have lots to 'tend to,
  And so I always plan
To be as little trouble
  And bother as I can.—*Exchange.*

EGGS AND PROVIDENCE.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, had very decided views in regard to the teachings of nature: "Birds that lay their eggs in holes," he says, "have round eggs. There are, however, certain birds which incubate their eggs without any nest at all, upon the ledges of rocks. In this position it is very possible that danger would occur to the egg by being accidentally moved by the parent bird, or maybe by the wind. If the egg were round it would very probably roll off the precipice, and, falling to the bottom, be smashed.

"Let us see how the difficult problem of the preservation of this egg is managed by creative wisdom. The egg of the guillemot, to take a good example, is not round, but elongated at one end. The consequence is that when it is touched the egg will not roll away like a billiard ball, but will simply turn around upon its axis. This peculiar structure can be seen and the action of the force upon the egg illustrated by a very simple experiment. Take a common screw and place it near the edge of the table; touch it gently so as to set it in motion. You will observe that the screw, instead of running off the edge of the table, will simply turn round on its small end—its own axis. I cannot conceive anything more beautiful than this arrangement of the eggs of birds which build on ledges of rocks and which are liable to destruction. The fact will, I think, afford excellent evidence (if more witnesses were required) to show creatives kill even in such simple things as birds'-eggs."

He Doeth much who loveth much; and he also doeth much who doeth well.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That this is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I heard you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride;
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim.
These are the treasures thrown away
At the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed,
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded wine, for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do!
And before morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
The innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That this is really the price of a drink?

—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

"This is rather a disappointing book, mother," said Ted Rivers, putting it down with a little sigh.

"What is the matter with it, Ted. The author's name is very familiar, and it looks interesting."

"Oh! it's all right in that respect, but you see in these books the boys and girls do so much it's a little discouraging. They go off in the summer and wake up churches, start book clubs, run missionary meetings, all by themselves. Now, you know, mother, I really do want to help. I do not want to be an idle soldier, but what can I do? In the first place our church here is all alive; the Sunday-school don't need me, and I don't see what my work is," and the boy looked up in his mother's face with a really troubled expression.

Ted Rivers was only fifteen, but he had been for so many years the constant companion of his widowed mother that he seemed much older. He had lately publicly enlisted in the army of the Great Captain and, although a young soldier, he was a faithful one; full of the desire to be true to his colors and obedient to orders. He was none the less boyish for all that, just as fond of a game, full of fun, and a little given to mischief, so his friends had unanimously decided that "religion had made Ted Rivers a better companion than he ever was."

Now they had come away from the city to spend the summer and autumn in a little village among the mountains, where Mrs. Rivers had bought a cottage; a quiet, orderly place, whose people were industrious and independent; among whom, as Ted said, there really seemed no work for him to get at. It was on the cottage porch this conversation took place, as Ted sat on the steps at his mother's feet. Mrs. Rivers looking down into the handsome, earnest face, felt she had great cause for thankfulness that her boy so early realized the Christian profession was not a mere empty title, but a call to earnest, practical work for others.

"You are wrong in one thing, I think," she answered. "How do you know the Sunday-school does not need you? Have you ever been there to see?"

"You know I have not, mother; but what could I do? I can't take a class as you have. I am not old enough to teach."

"You certainly are not, but are you too old to be taught? Could you not go into a class?"

He made a little grimace and shrugged his shoulders. His mother answered the action in words.

"Yes, I know it would be rather a change from dear Mrs. Mason, with your own companions at school and play as classmates, and your attractive room. Old Deacon Small is not very well educated and perhaps not always very interesting, and the Sunday-school is pretty hot and stuffy in the afternoon, and perhaps there is just a little feeling that a fellow from the city cannot learn much from an old country farmer—"

Ted laughed heartily.

"Stop, mother, do stop. You're a regular conjuror. Who told you all that?"

"I have not studied one boy from babyhood without understanding him a little, Ted."

"I suppose it was sort of mean to think in that way, but after all I don't believe there would be any good in my going."

There was a deepening earnestness in her manner, as Mrs. Rivers, laying her hand upon the curly head, said gently:

"Ted, dear, I am sure there is work for you in this place. It may be a very little one in your eyes, but God does not see things as we do, fortunately for us. It may not be as exciting as waking up churches or running missionary meetings, but it may lead to the salvation of human beings. I have noticed that the village boys have made you a leader among them, and I wonder how you will use your influence."

"Not much influence, mother. They think me rather a good player and enjoy using my new bats and balls."

"It is more than that. They copy you in many ways, many more than you think. Now, last Sunday not one of those larger boys was in school, and on inquiring the reason from the good old deacon, he said they had been at one time very faithful, but had gradually drifted away, through the influence, he feared, of the young boy who came here in the summer."

The color flashed into Ted's face.

"Mother," he said, indignantly, "I did try to make them go. Only last Sunday morning I wanted them to promise me they would."

"What did they say?"

He laughed awkwardly as he answered, "To tell you the truth, mother, they had rather the best of it. They said if I'd go first they'd see about it, but I'd better practise before preaching."

"My case is now complete, Ted, and I will hand it over to the jury for a verdict. Do you need me to point out your work more plainly, dear boy? I think not."

Mrs. Rivers had the rare tact of planting her seed and leaving it to take root without too much troubling of the ground; so after her last words she rose quietly and went into the house, leaving Ted alone on the porch.

He was lost in thought, and not very pleasant thought either, judging by his expression. Ted was struggling with himself. He did not want to go to that Sunday-school, so different from his own, where a cultured Christian woman met her boys each week to give them food for thought and work. Yet the last words she had said to him, when the school closed for the summer, were, "Do not forget you are a professed and confessed soldier, Edward, and be sure your influence is felt for good wherever you may be."

He wished his mother had let him alone. It was always so hot on Sunday afternoons, and that shady nook by the stream was the very place to read and doze; much better than that stupid old school. He knew Deacon Small could not teach him anything.

But here a new direction was given his thoughts. Was not the old man a soldier in the same army? Had he not been fighting the good fight many years before Ted was even born? Had he not fought and conquered temptations Ted was yet to meet, and could he learn nothing from his experience? Was it right to think meanly of any one's abilities, when he compared his own advantages with theirs?

Here the color crept into his face again and burnt redly. The struggle was nearly over. He was reading his orders pretty plainly now, for a message had gone up quickly to Headquarters, and even now the answer was being received.

"Even Christ pleased not himself," it said. When he rose to his feet he had conquered, and although not another word upon the subject passed between them, his mother knew that all was well.

The usual Saturday afternoon base-ball match was more than usually exciting, and it seemed as though the boys would never be tired of discussing it in every detail. They were stretched under the trees in all sorts of lazy attitudes, quite the pick of the village boys, sturdy young fellows, willing to acknowledge Ted as their leader, but quick to assert their own independence, too.

At the first pause Ted spoke, and the sudden change of subject startled many of them into activity.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to Sunday-school to-morrow. You fellows told me to practise first, so that's what I'm going to do; but after that look out, for I'll preach for all I'm worth."

There was silence for some time, then the oldest boy among them answered him. "I like that in you, Ted; and as it would look pretty mean to let a strange fellow go all alone, I'll join you."

"Will you, Joe? Thank you." I was a little put out at the idea of going alone, but now I'm all right."

So on Sunday afternoon Ted and Joe, manfully turning their backs on the enticements of shade and books, walked into the school and found places in Deacon Small's class. How delighted the old man was, and when, a few minutes later, two more of the older boys dropped, half ashamed, into their old places in the class, he fairly beamed on them through his glasses. Ted found himself rewarded, for the lesson was taught with an earnest simplicity that went home to the boyish heart, and he entirely forgot to be shocked by the grammatical errors in the homely but significant illustrations.

The boys all promised to come again, and Sunday after Sunday found them in their places, the band gradually growing larger, until the class overflowed its boundaries and had to be given a little room all to itself. One by one those boys came back, and this time came back to stay, feeling that they were wanted, and really necessary to the success of the deacon's class.

Ted's part in this work was known to only a few; his mother, the boys, and, above all, at Headquarters, from whence that order had been received and so promptly obeyed. But, although our young soldier was *not working for* thanks, he felt a throb of joy in his heart when, in the spring of the following year, he received in his city home a letter from Joe Peters.

Most of it was taken up with village news, and expressed the pleasure the boys would have in seeing him back again, but crowded in at the end, boy like, was the real reason for writing it.

"On Sunday," Joe wrote, "I am going to unite with our church, and so will Ed, Dick, and Will. We feel this has come to us through the Sunday-school and the deacon's teaching, but we none of us forget that it was you that led us back again. It seemed a little thing to you, maybe, but it meant a lot to us."

Fit ending for this simple story is that closing sentence in the village boy's letter.

—*New York Observer.*

LOSING AND FORGETTING.

A successful business man said there were two things he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely; "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it, what shall I do then?" "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?" "But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it!" This put a new train of thought in the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do anything, he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say, "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well say, 'I do not think enough of my business to take the trouble to think of it again.'" "I once had a young man in my employ," said another gentleman, "who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three years he was utterly changed in that respect."—*Selected.*

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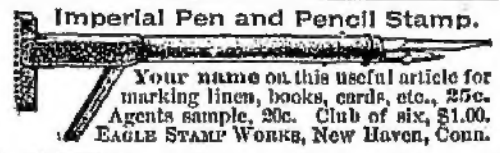

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